# DEMOCRATIC

Vol. 16, No. 45.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884.

WHOLE No. 825.

## SPECIAL

To make room for Simple Goods, we offer to SELL at ACTUAL COST:

THREE SILVER TEA ' ETS OF NEW DE-FIGN AND QUADRUPLE PLATE. ONE SHAVER WATER PITCHER. TWO TILTING SILVER WATER PITCHERS A VARIETY OF COMBINED SILVER AND CRYSTAL DISHES.

GOLD LINED SILVER CAKE STANDS. SILVER BUTTER DISHES. PICKLE JARS, SYRUP CEPS, SPOON HOLDERS, &C.

NA, TEA, DINNER AND TOILET SETS TOGETHER WITH A LARGE VARIETY OF USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES.

The marked down prices are in plain figures, from which no deviations will be made. We guarantee every article to be of standard quality, and a bargain at the present selling we solicit inspection and comparison.

Toto offer is made with the view of selling there articles NOW, not next Fall.

NO. 8, PHENIX BLOCK. RAVENNA, O.

All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on short Notice and on the most Reasontention Guaranteed. A. B. FAIRCHILD.

Undertaker, Residence on East Main Street, house formerly occupied by Dr. Leonard,

DON'T FORGET



FOREIGN and DOMESTIC

WOOLENS (in Samples to select from)

Sver shown in any Merchant Talloring Estab-

STYLE AND PRICE. n in Opera Block, over J. C. C. Beatty's FRANK J. SMITH. enna, O., August 2nd, 1883.

Business Cards. J. H. NICHOLS. Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Obio.

J. H. DUSSELL, TTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German. Office over Fra

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O. Othor in Blackstone Block, North Chest-nut Street, Ravenna, Ohio I. H, PHELPS

A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over Peter King's Grocery, West Main St., Ravenus, Ohio. NOTARY PUBLIC, Mantus, O. Conveyancing, Collections and Pension Business promptly attended to on the most reason the terms, 612-tf.

HUTCHINS & THOMAS, ttorneys at taw, Rayenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Butchins will attend at all regules of the Common Pleas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-ly.

L. T. SIDDALL, Raysona, Ohio 479 ROCKWELL & NORRIS,

Attorneys at Law and Notary Public, Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio Dec. 10, 1888, 17. O. P. SPERRA. Building, Main St., Ravenna. 550

C. D. INGELL. TTOUNEY AT LAW and Notary Public, Office in over Mrs. Smith's Milli-more' Mantus station, Ohio. 542-11.

Attorney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio, J. WAGGONER, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Office East end of Phenix Block, Residence, corner of Main and Prospect Streets, Ravenna, Ohio. Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p.m.

E. W. MAXSON,

C. L. BELDEN. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office at Residence. King Street, first door south of

M. G. McBRIDE, M. D., Home pathic Physician and Surgeon. Orrice in Foe's Block, over Grocery of E. A. VanNess, RESIDENCE on Cleveland Avenue, 5th residence North of Bowery Street. 8:7

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, SHALERSVILLE, OHIO. tion, both day and night.

Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange
Hotel. 418-19

C. H. GRIFFIN. DENTIST. Office over First National Bank Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

W. W. WHITE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office, East end of Phonix Block, up stairs, Ravenna, O. Resi dence, on Fratt Street, west side, first house couth of Main 710 8m.

PETER FLATH. Olothier and Merchant Tailor, Hais, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phenix Block, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1888, Iv.

A. W. BEMAN,

CLEVELAND, O. Manufacturers and Dealers in Attorney at Law. Office. No. 2608 Broadway (18th Ward), Cleveland, Ohio. 773

The best 50c, 60c, 80c Tea in Portage County, We have Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Oolong and Japan Teas—Basket Fired and Sun Dried.

## Call and Get a Sample!

### Sugar! Sugar! Sugar!

SPECIAL PRICES Now is the time to buy Sugar. "The bottom is out." Call and see for yourselves. Granulated Sugar Sc. A good C Sugar at 6c.

### We have also a full line of Staple Groceries.

Which we are selling very cheap. A few bushels of the celebrated White Star Potatoes, for seed. Call and see them. They are beauties.

We never allow ourselves to be undersold by any respons-GRO. R. FAIRCHILD & BRO. ible house. Remember the place.

# Risdon & Taylor,

able Terms, Considerate At. No. 3 MARVIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., RAVENNA, OHIO.

Live Poultry Wanted!



FOR THIRTY DAYS WE WILL OFFER OUR STOCK OF

## Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., at Cost!

We must clear our shelves to make room for our recent purchases of NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS from the Largest and most waked from a comfortable nap beside Celebrated Manufacturers of the East, who are making us a SPE- the glowing fire in the library to a sort CIAL LINE TO OUR ORDER. Believing Artistic Designers, and the young people could possibly who make a Specialty of this Line, can please our customers better be," speedily settled the matter. and for less money than we could by manufacturing on a small Charles Hazelwood; "by-and-by, when scale, we have concluded to not continue that branch of the busi- your father has gone to his room and ness, but to confine our efforts to FINE AND DIFFICULT RE-PAIRING OF WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY. In addition to which, we will carry a FULL LINE OF ALL GOODS USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.

## DEWEY & WETZEL.

The Ravenna Jewelers.

N. B .- Our Prices shall be as LOW as the LOWEST,

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

MARSHALL WOODFORD

WESTERN RESERVE

All Kinds Real Estate.

Having recently established a Branch Office of the largest Real Estate Agency in Ohio at Ravenna, the County Seat of Portage County, by the appointment of LORD EROTHERS, of that place, as our Local Agents, we are now prepared to handle a'd kinds of Real Estate throughout the County. We are operating a large number of Offices in Ohio, and among the rest own and operate our own printing office, which enables us to advert see more thoroughly and effectually ten to fifty thousand copies of the Western Reserve Real Estate Journal, a large twelve page passent war address two pages and see the country. r devoted to our business.

Send your address to us, and receive it free,
If you wish to buy or sell, c ill at our office, or drop us a line, and we will call on you.

We carried eatisfaction in every instance.

Office in Residence of E. Lord, Ravenna.

TAYLOR & WOODFORD. LORD BROTHERS, LOCAL AGE NTS.

## ONCE ACAIN

We have to announce to the public that we have just received the largest and finest ass ortment of

## HARDWARE!

for Winter trade in the County

LOOK, LOOK! at our stock of Saws, Axes, X Cuts, One Man and Wood

Saws, Do not fail to examine our CELEBRATED ALL STEEL AXES!

## Meat Cutters and Sausage Stuffers, Skates and Sleigh Bells;

in fact, everything to make up a most complete assortment. dusk, and I didn't like to look to the with Violet and Captain Hazel-We have knocked the BOTTOM OUT OF PRICES, and wood standing by; and so-and so-" are SELLING LOWER THAN THE LOWEST, at the Will attend to all calls in the line of his profes. Old Stand, No. 3 Etna Block, Ravenna, O. BALDWIN & WALLER,



The Sturtevant Lumber Co., GANG SAWED PINE LUMBER, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c. We have the Largest Factory in the State, Cash paid for HARD WOOD LUMBER. Send for Catalogue and Prices. 814-5m No. 131 South Prospect Street, BAVENNE, O.

PATENTS MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, est tinue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Cassests, Trasi Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book abus Patents sent from Thirty seems varies attacking Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Career Statement, Career Statement, etc. Hand Book abox I Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience: Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are notice I in the SCINNTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest best amost widely circulated scientific paper. E. 20 year Weekly. Splendid cagravings and interesting in formation. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTESS AMERICAN Office, 221 Broady ay, New York.

Planos, Organs & Meleden n TUNED AND REPAIRED. Organs and Meladeons to Rent. G. F. GREEN,

The Night-Ricoming Flower.

"bat thus stake to a bright-beaming star; rom earth's loneitest wild and lowliest bower, I see thy brilliant orb from sfar; But thou from thy home of radiancy Canst not, in thy gorgeousness, descry the so insignificant, little as me— So diminutive and small am I."

The pure and resplendent star replied.
In tenderest love: "O, meck flower of earth,
Thou art little, but do not thyself deride
As one passessing no mera, worth;
Thy Maker designs thee, a beauty and charm; Although so far distant from me thou art That I cannot thy reseate petals warm With smiles nor gaze down into thy heart.

"There is One, without whose kind, loving A sparrow cannot fall to the ground, Has clothed the libra in robes more rare Than earth's monarchs in all their glory erowned! Though thou bloomest in darkness of the With no eye to greet thee-pone to behold-It is it Good, thy Creator's sight, That thou dost thine exquisite charms un-

Thus many pine in their solitude Thus many pine in their solitude
For recognition and honors from men,
And sigh, with a vertiess wish to be viewed.
And loved and admired by human ken,
Spend their lives in efforts fruit sess and vain.
To gain renown while on earthly sed,
Whe, treely as light and air, could obtain.
The higher honors that come from God!

—James Homer Kennedy.

THE HAUNTED CORRIDOR.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca. The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was aiready enshrouded in the gray shadows of the night, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some for-

"I don't believe a word of it!" reeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emhasis than before. "A ghost story,

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood. "It is not much of a story," Violet, "only years ago, long before my great grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the oundations of the house, but I scarcely credit this part of the legend.' "Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false "I have no patience with the relies of superstition. "What are you looking for aunt?

Have you dropped anything? Shall I all for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterward coming to her aunt's side. "Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come-don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless

doctor's visits." s not cold. pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement." But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through

the ghost's territory!' Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the half which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly-bohted library. "I wish Captain Hazelwood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death

of cold; and, besides-" "Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?" "Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl, I think I shall go to bed. Violet went to execute her aunt's be-

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night! It reminded one of a lovely painting exe-cuted with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of climmering silver! At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood. But then Charles Hazelwood was in love. The tall old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand. Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and 18-year-old style of dress was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two. Probably some such consciousness swept peross the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! what is that! The ghost! the

Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat. The house was aroused into instantancous commotion, lights flashed into brightn ws at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded "It glided past me like a gust of

she shricked-"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon h's throat! It's a warning-I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live.
Oh, what shall I do? What shall I "Bat I don't understand what you

were doing in the ghost's corridor at this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme, staring at his sister. "Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at "Oho! that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orane, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-par-ticular for a woman 50 years old." "Only 49, James," interrupted Miss

Rebecca with a shrill accent of indig-

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air. Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the wher gentlemen were hustled out into t be hall, while the victim of the female Ticials was deluged with Eau de Color me, stifled with burnt feathers, and She's coming to, poor dear crea-

Colonel Orme through a crack in the

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure!" said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands, "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hilloa! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet; "but-"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation," terrupted Charles Hazelwood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame. "Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?' interrogated the be-wildered Colonel, when the library

door was safely closed. "It means; sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light. Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecen (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shricking

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh. "You see, para," interposed the roung lady, 'I wore my long eashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold,

and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and-' "And Aunt Rebecca took it granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story, said the colonel, archly. me to ask you, young people, what you were so much interested in?" "Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she would'nt marry me-don't run away, Violet-and she said 'Yes'-that is, if I could win her

father's consent. "And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer laughingly detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape. "He says," answered Colonel Orme, that your intrepidity in facing the rhost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now; but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca.'

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as rose, with his hand on the door. "Well, my dear?" "Don't tell Aunt Becky that-that-" "That you were the ghost? Just as

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret, but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Almwick Place-one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existyou both want a week's medicine and ence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

> American Inventive Genius. When the American reaches the next world there will be trouble in whatever section of it he finds himself. It is not likely he will rest contented with things as he finds them there. He will want to improve; to smend; to invent. If he is so fortunate as to reach the regions of light he will propose the introduction of the three-string grand piano instead of the antiquated harp. It may be that he will have an eye to commis sions off, for his interest. Those rest. less Americans, who, like Sir Joseph Porter, "generally go below," will plague the life out of the manager here by trying to introduce patent drafts, improved smoke consumers, fuel savers and what not. The American s distinctively a patent office animal. Take the great question of pile drivers, for instance, which is occupying the attention of the whole country Anybody who has a wharf to build knows what an important machine a pile driver is. It there is a city in the world that ought to be posted on pile drivers it is Amsterdam, which is built entirely on piles. Of the ninety islands on which the city is built all are jammed full of long oaken piles, and the work of hammering down similar piles goes on every day. Yet the Holland pile driver is an exceedingly primitive affair. It is only recently that steam has been applied to raising the hammer. In many parts of Amsterdam a visitor sees a long line of Hollanders pulling at a rope until the iron weight s high enough, when another Holland-

er with a small cord undoes the arrangement and gets the drop on the The American has made two big improvements on the steam pile driver. The friction method is a great time saver. The hammer drops and brings its rope with it. The man in the engine house with a lever sets the machinery to pulling up the hammer with no tedious waiting for the rope to come dangling down to "catch on." soon as suffici nt height is reached he

relaxes the friction and the hammer If you notice the crowd that continually stands at the foot of Woodward avenue, you will see that their attention is attracted by the very latest thing in pile drivers, only two of which are used in Detroit. This is a sort of portable steam hammer, which follows the timber down, tapping it gently or severely, as the unseen man in the en-gine house wills it. The steam, supplied to the hammer by an immense hose, works in an ordinary cylinder, lifts the hammer and allows it to drop of its own weight. It will drive a pile to within an eighth of an inch of where it wants to go. The whole machine is worthy of the attention of that victim of ennui, the wharf loafer. It will pick up a heavy oaken pile as if it was a match, balance it daintily in the air, place it point downward, and then pursue it with quick, gentle taps until it is in exactly the position desired. It will do in a day about four times the work of an ordinary pile driver, and it does it with an ease and an intelligence that it is a pity the wharf loafer does not emulate. - Detroit Free Press,

Italian Epigrams.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off. He is one of those men in whom ne cessity is the mother of virtue. If bad temper were a fever, there wouldn't be hospitals enough to hold It is a poor sort of business to waste your breath whistling for yesterday's

The world is hard enough, God mouth the day it rains comfits. To a woman's eyes there is always an atmosphere of youth left about a man who has once made love to her, Another man's admiration is a background against which many an ordinary woman has shone elad in unaccustomed graces to her lover's eyes.

It is only a fool who would expect the wind to be always blowing from the same point of compass. And a real sorrow—an old sorrow—I've known it to act like a ballast. It's heavy, aye,

STATESMEN'S WIVES. How They Watch Their Lords from the Capitol Galleries.

It was in order to limit the space which loafers of the most objectionable character used to daily fill in the House gallery several years ago that the House of Representatives decided to set apart certain portions of the gallery to be reserved for those who had cards of admission thereto, given them by the members. One gallery is exclusively for the families of Representatives, or those whom they and their wives regard as such. One Representative said, at the time

it was decided to reserve this gallery, that it was done so that the members could know exactly in what part of the gallery their wives were likely to be. so they would know which way to dodge if they wished to avoid their gaze. When Lent comes, as they have more leisure from social duties, ladies of the families of members of both houses of Congress have more time to spend in the galleries of the House or enate, and wives are often interested spectators of scenes upon the floor of either chamber. Some of them become much absorbed in the bills in which their husbands are especially interested and their faces show their chagrin or triumph in the course of debate. One of them whose husband had been suffering severely with bronchitis when he was forced to go to the House to look after a bill of great importance in his district, used to go there daily a few weeks ago while there was a prospect for the bill coming up, and carried with her a box of quinine pills, and regularly sent from her seat in the "members' gallery" an affectionate note and a dose of medicine to her husband on the floor of the House when the time arrived for him to take it. Thus she strove to brace him up in the same spirit as the Spartan wives equip-ped their husbands for battle. The day his bill was voted down she had waited for several hours with satchel containing the pill-box in hand, and as soon as the vote was announced, which was against her husband, she arose indignantly, packed up the medicine and went home with lessened faith in its bracing effects.

The wives, of course, do not fail to watch from the gallery the demeanor of their respective husbands in their seats below, especially when cards are brought in to the latter. One lady will say to another: "There goes a card to your husband; wonder if it is a lady or gentleman wants to see him. There he goes out; let's see how long he stays and then we can tell whether it is a man or a woman. There he comes in again, so it must have been a man who was waiting for him; he'd have stayed longer if it had been a woman, cer-

While some of the incidents in this very annoying. For instance, lately, a loving wife who was listening intently to her husband's speech, heard a lady behind, who was probably unaware o. her presence, say: "Is that Smith speaking again now? It seems to me

that he is always talking and yet has nothing to say." An all night session of the United States House of Representatives, especially when it is occasioned by a discussion which requires either political party to muster its full strength, and cause a "call of the House" to be ordered, and the Sergeant-at-Arms to be instructed to bring in absentees, al-ways has some ludicrous features outside the hall, as well as some productive of annoyance to the families of the members of the House, as much as to themselves. During such a night session not long ago, the wife of one of the colored Representatives was left alone in the members' gallery until a late nour at night, all occupants of that gallery having left for home in the early part of the night, She could not go nome alone, and her husband, who was on the floor of the House, was locked in, so he could not leave to take her home. It is the custom, as soon as the call of the house is ordered, to lock all doors of exit or entrance to the legislative hall, not only to prevent those members who are in from going away without permission of the House, but also to prevent those absent without leave getting in except in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who has been ordered to arrest them and bring them to make their excuses at the bar of the House. It was not until the colored representative had obtained the formal leave of the House to go home with his wife (and he promised to return as soon as he had done so) that he could join her in the gallery and accompany her to their residence.-Washingto

Letter to Courier-Journal. Conduct on the Scaffold.

The behavior of the Princess Monaco, ne of the many victims of the French revolution, on the morning of the execution, will long be remembered for her eccentricity and heroism. About half an hour before the fatal summons came, after having in vain endeavored to procure a pair of scissors, she broke one of the panes from the window that was in her room, and with a fragment of the glass sawed off her hair, which she delivered to a confidential friend, to be kept for her children; she then took a pot of rouge, and with the utmost deliberation applied some of it to each of her cheeks, assigning as a reason for this extraordinary conduct that if she happened to have a moment of weakness the populace, at least, should not have the satisfaction of perceiving it. The celebrated Mad. Roland's conduct, under the same circumstance. evinces perhaps a still stranger instance of greatness of mind in a female. She was carried to the place of execution in company with one man only, who seemed by no means reconciled to his fate; but, on the contrary, showed symptoms of the most violent terror: when they arrived at the scaffold, Mad. Roland begged that he would ascend the first, as she was well convinced that he had not sufficient courage to witness her execution. "Besides, sir," added she, "you certainly have too much good breeding to refuse the last request of a lady."

Hats for Old and Young,

The styles in gentleman's hats differ very little from those of last Winter, The crown of the Derby is higher, and the ourl and brim are both flatter, brim is more open, smaller and more closely rolled. The Fedora and Alpine, the soft hats, are not worn much. Black is the prevailing color, and the silk hat is the only dressy hat. There is no difference between the young knows, without one shutting one's man's and the old man's hat, except that the latter has a wider brim. can hardly say that is true either; for the old men are getting quite juvenile in their tastes. Before long they will be the only ones wearing the narrow brim high hat,

Sis Lepel Griffin, in his paper on "American Politics," reprinted from the Fortnight y Review in the Modern Age, observes gravely of New York that "the commercial capital of the United States may now be fairly reck but it trims the boat. There's many a oned, for size and population, the sec-man wouldn't sail so straight if there ond city of the world, if Brooklyn, New wasn't some dead weight o' that sort | Jersey (sic) and the suburbs be includture " was the final verdict hurled at at his heart to steady him, \_\_\_\_ ad within its boundaries."

Peryear, in advance, ..... If not paid in advance,..... 2 00 Six months, in advance,.....

RAGS AND RAG PICKERS. How They Are Gathered, and by Whom-Wages of Pickers and Sorters.

Ordinarily when we think of rags we think of something that is utterly worthless and contemptible, of something that beggars are clothed in, or perhaps that beggars have thrown away. Hamlet could think of no more contemptuous appellation of his uncle than that of "a king of shreds and patches"—a king made of rags—and Lear says:

Plate sin with gold And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; Clothe it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce

But as Lord Palmerston defined dirt as

"matter in the wrong place," so rags are only rags when they are scattered about. Collected together, sorted out, and baled, they become merchandise of great and yearly increasing value. By the census of 1880 there were in the United States 692 paper mills with an aggregate capital of nearly \$50,000,000. They employ 25,000 hands, a third of whom are women, and pay in wages nearly nine millions of dollars. They use in the manufacture of the best qualities of paper 200,000 tons of cotton and linen rags, 75,000 tons of which are imported, the remainder being gathered in this country. The value of these 200,000 tons of rags is over twenty millions of dollars. The beginnings of this vast wealth may be seen by those who "brush the dew of the early morn" from the sidewalks of Chicago, in those prowling women and children who, with bag and basket, carefully search the streets and gutters for the flotsam and jetsam of the preceding day. The next grade above these are the itinerants in wagons, who go from house to house with the cry 'rags to buy." Seeking information in the interest of the Herald renders the reporter called

on one of the most extensive rag dealers in the city. "There is fully a million dollars invested in the rag business in this city. There are seventy-five or eighty places, large and small, where rags are bought, sorted out and sold to the paper makers or the woolen mills. There are at least 1,500 men, women and children who search the streets or go from house to house for rags and paper. We buy from them, paving a cent a pound for paper and from 11 to 21 cents a pound for rags. We send these rags to our sorting room, where we employ women to sort out the dif-ferent kinds and qualities. The lineu is the best quality. Then come every kind of white cottons, then the colored. Those that are mixed goods of wooler and sick with cotton are separated. Silk is of no use whatever. One would suppose that would be the most valuable, but the reverse is the case. No means has yet been discovered of working silk over to any purpose. The woolen rags we sell to the woolen mills, where they are ground up and made into shoddy. The cotton and linen rags and the paper we sell to the paper mills. We pay our women for sorting

21 cent a pound, and they earn from \$1 to \$2 a day. Ten dollars a week is a good average for them. The rag pickers and gatherers make about a dollar a day, but in such timas as these, when people are moving, a good deal more. This is a harvest time for them, for people throw away vast quantities of paper and old rags. "The rag pickers manage to save a good deal of money. Many of them bring in their collection every day, but draw no money until Saturday. then, if their account don't amount to

\$10, they will bring money enough with them and get us to pay them a \$10 bill, giving us the difference. They like to get hold of a ten or a twenty dollar bill. They are very saving. "You will see, too, if you look at it right, that they are very valuable members of the community. They produce wealth. Out of mere rubbish and refuse on the streets they pick out very nearly if not quite \$1,000 of value every day. That's no small matter. Of course they pick up other things besides rags. Many is the silver coin that they find, and you may be sure that they wouldn't pass a pocketbook by. But they gather iron, copper, glass, bones, old rubber shoes, and everything that is not in a state of positive decay, all of which we buy of them except bones. Those they sell to the fertilizing facto-

"The people engaged in this way are mostly Poles, Bohemians, Italians, and some Canadians. Altogether there are at least 10,000 people in Chicago dependent directly or indirectly for a liverage of the control of the ing on the rag business. That is to say, that many people are supported, and more than supported, by what most people call rubbish, and which is generally thrown away. It might be a very good text for the preachers; it cer-

tainly is for the economist. "Then, too, you must remember that this rag rubbish is transformed into pure, white paper, and is made the means of disseminating and preserving the wisdom of man. I think there can be no doubt, sir, that the rag picker is a valuable member of society. Good day, sir. - Chicago Herald.

A Reminiscence of Macready.

I saw Macready much oftener than I have ever seen any other actor, and I studied him more closely, watched him not only from seats that afforded the best view but occasionally from behind the scenes and while he was superintending rehearsals. I had several conversations with him, one of several hours duration, chiefly on the subjects of Shakspeare and acting. One night when he was playing "Macbeth" I don-ned the robe of a Doctor, and made my first-and last-appearance "on any stage." I paid no attention to the audience, and the audience, it is to hoped, paid no attention to me. But I gained the object of the experiment, that of getting a glimpse of the matter from the actor's point of view, compre-heading the different perspective, feel-ing the whirr and bustle of the scene instead of looking at and hearing it from a distance. Macbeth, at entrance, left the attendants to whom he was giving impatient and imperious orders, and, striding across the stage with a step that seemed to shake the boards, he stationed himself so near me that the lines in his face seemed magnified, like those of a picture to a short sighted man. In tones that sounded like thunder he demanded of me that I should minister to a mind diseased and do other things not then recognized as in the scope of the healing art. On re- the manufacturing and railroad world. ceiving my disclaimer of any such pow- It is said to be made "by adding from er he turned his back on me as one is 7 to 20 per cent. of the ordinary so apt to do on the doctor who makes manganese of commerce to iron either a candid acknowledgement of his im- wholly or to a good extent decarbonizpotency, and, with that scornful ejacu- ed and refined and treated by any of ation which shows how little love the ordinary processes, or to steel pro-Shakspeare had for the "Throw physic to the dogs!" strode | that a small test bar containing 12 per back to have his armor buckled on, turning in the intervals of his stormy when cold, and was sufficiently hard netle remark to me, and at last rushed

Victor Hugo, at eighty, writes with his own hand all the important parts of his MS. "Those of my thoughts that the discovery is likely to prove of great are immortal," he says, "I would not economic importance, trust them to an amanuensis."

from the shore to the deck of a vessel

tossed by the waves and straining be-

neath the gale, -Lippincott's Magazine.

Marquis de Leuville. Frank Leslie, the charming young widow of the great publisher whose name she bears and whose property she controls, was visited the other day by a reporter at her office in Park place with a view to learning what arrange-ments she is making for the forthcoming marriage with the Marquis de Leuville. It will be remembered that the engagement was publicly announced

> fitting costume of black silk; gems representing respectable fortunes glistened in her ears and on her fingers. "I can not tell just upon what date our marriage is to take place," she said. "I must bide my time until the condition of my business here assumes such shape as to permit the changes

some months ago. When the reporter

entered Mrs. Leslie was sitting at her

desk, which was piled up with papers,

letters, proofs, and general mercantile

bric-a-brac. She was attired in a close-

which would naturally follow such a "Do you propose, then, to make any alterations in the general government or policy of your house?" asked the

"None whatever, so far as the system and conduct of affairs are concerned; but you know that in my new life I shall be compelled—not involuntarily, however—to divide my attention between my business and my husband. While I am not as yet decided as to the exact date of our marriage, I may say that it will occur within a very

few months.' "Will the Marquis de Leuville assume any part in the control of your business?"

"He will not. He is not a business man, and would probably make a bad mess of mercantile affairs. He is an artist and a poet. He is the author of works in three different languages— French, English, and Italian—and these he speaks so perfectly that you could not discover his nationality from his accent. He is, besides, a fine painter, and has sent several of his sketches to the Boston art exposition. He is also a good musician, but even with all these accomplishments he has no aptitude for business affairs." "Are you contemplating an elaborate wedding reception?" the reporter

"Well, I presume we shall probably have a fine church wedding. Mrs. Leslie handed the reporter a letter, which she had received from Mgr. Capel, conveying his hearty good wishes for her future, and congratulating her upon her good fortune in securing so eligible a husband. Mgr. Capel and the Marquis de Leuville were intimate friends in Paris, and it was there that Mrs. Leslie met the eminent divine last year, through the introduction of

the marquis. She was asked by the reporter what her programme was with regard to the wedding tour. "I have made none," she replied. "L shall probably take a house in this city and continue in control of my business. In the fall I shall go on a trip of combined business and pleasure to Cali-fornia. I shall take with me some of my artists, and will of course be nocompanied by the marquis. In December I go to New Orleans. During my travels I intend to make notes of

I see and hear, which I shall write out for publication upon my return." The reporter took occasion to inquire of Mrs. Leslie whether she knew anything of the conversion of Mrs. Hammersley, the publication of which created so much excitement in society circles a week ago. She said that she was acquainted with Mrs. Hammersley but knew of none of the details of the conversion. Referring to her congratulatory letter from Mgr. Capel, she said, laughing: "Just suppose this kind letter was the initiatory step in a movement on his part to convert me.

Wouldn't it be funny?"

A Magnificent Mast. A magnificent mast has been sent from Verona to the agricultural department of the Turin exhibition. The tree grew in the woods of Cadore, and five other majestic pines had to be hewn down before the one destined for the mast could be removed. When the lower branches had been cut off this fine tree-trunk was divided into two pieces, the bottom part measuring more than 120 feet, and the top part, still adorned with its green branches, 18 feet. The weight of the tree, after being thus prepared, was 41 cwt. On examining the base it was found that that part was 205 years old, while the summit was only 83 years old. The mast was dragged from the forest to the station on two wagons, drawn by eight horses, and the whole of it took up seven railway trucks. Three days were employed in the transport by rail, as the special train could only travel by daylight, proceeding very slowly on account of the curves, and had to stop continually, not being able to pass another train. The mast is slender in comparison to its height, being 65 centimeters at the base and 15 at the summit. The stem preserves an equal width up to the height of about 90 feet, after which it diminishes rapidly. Including the expense of transport, the

She Forgot Her Baby. A curious instance of forgetfulness occurred in this city last week. It is a confutation of the saying "Can a mother forget her child?" Two ladies, with an infant of apparently two years, called at a carpet store, and after the usual inspection of patterns selected one to

mast will cost more than £50. -Naples

Cor. London Darly News.

suit, the busy clerk attended to other customers, and the ladies went out. This was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock, imagine the surprise of the clerk when he found the infant calmly sleeping in a snug corner behind a pile of carpet. She soon awoke and began crying. Thinking that she might be hungry, the clerk was sent out with her to a restaurant, where her little ladyship's good humor was restored by a dainty repast. As they were on their return to the store one of the forgetful ladies came hurriedly up and, with "Where have you been with my child?" she seized the neglected infant and hurried away .-

Hartford Sunday Times. A new steel is said to have been produced at Sheffield, England, which is expected to be of incalculable value to duced by such processes, It is stated cent, of manganese was bent dou chidings to direct some inquiry or sple- to turn iron; than an ax containing the same percentage, and which had never off to meet the approaching fee. It been hardened or tempered, cut into a was like being suddenly transported bar of iron half an inch square. A correspondent of the American Manufacturer, giving these facts, says that the steel is capable of being hammered or rolled the same as ordinary steel, and

s Second Class matter. MRS. FRANK LESLIE. Her Forthcoming Marriage with the

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, Ohio

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY

S. D HARRIS & SON: